

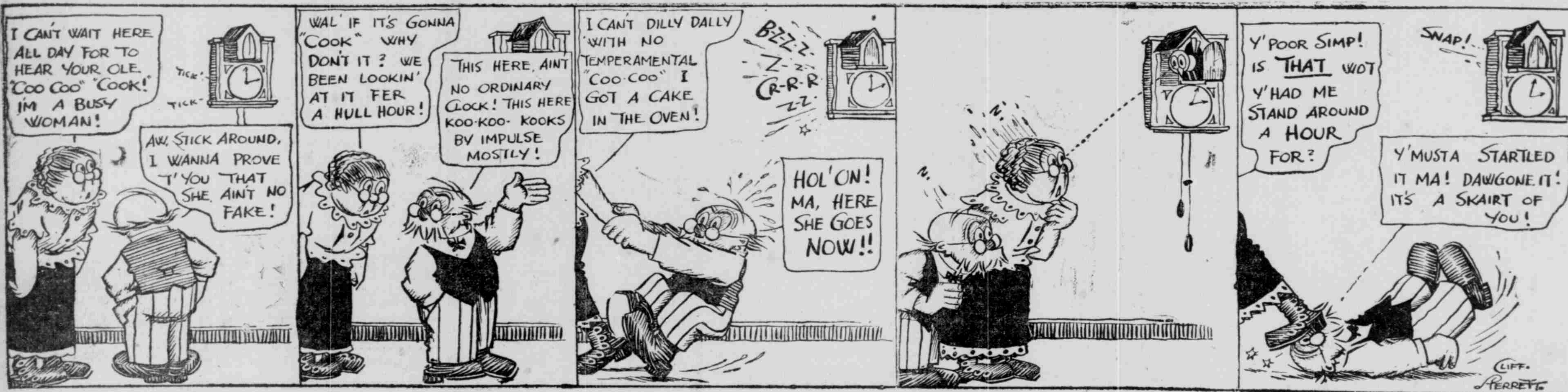
TheDingbat Family

Still Another Secret



Polly and Her Pals

Ma Scared It.



THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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(Continued from Wednesday.)
CHAPTER XVIII.
The Third Degree.

"And now we will take your statement," said Martin McGee.
The first brutal processes of the third degree were finished—the third degree, that modern system of torture more terrible than the medieval by just so much as the mind is more sensitive than the body. We do well, as Rosalie Le Grange has said, not to witness it. Miss Estrilla lies back on the couch, a bruised and broken soul, ready now to tell all the truth because there is in her no more strength to lie. Detective Kennedy has drawn a table to the center of the room, set out his pencils and his note-books, and prepared for his work. McGee and Hunter, expert inquisitors both, sit where she can not avoid their eyes if she but look up. The door has half-opened in the midst of the preliminary proceedings, and into the shadow outside creeps Rosalie Le Grange, to listen with all her ears. The victim on the couch is no more pale and drawn than Rosalie as she stands there, one hand on the lintel.
"Your name and all about yourself first," says Inspector McGee, urging gently now.
Let me omit, as the expert police stenographer did, certain expletives, repetitions, divagations, which always mar testimony. The police stenographer edits these extraneous words out of official statements. Let me omit, too, those passages of question and answer by which the police refresh the memory of the witness. Let me just give the document, as it was filed away in the archives of the New York police department.

"My name is Margarita Perez. I am 35 years old, and unmarried. I was born in the island of Trinidad, where I lived all my life. Juan Perez is my half-brother, ten years younger than I. Our father was the same, but my mother was an Englishwoman, my brother's mother was Spanish. My father was a cacao grower. He was very rich once, but he lost much of his money. When he died, four years ago, he left my brother the plantations, and me a very small income and the family jewels—they were worth \$20,000 of your money. My brother came into his property when he was 21. He managed poorly; and then he had bad luck. By last summer, he was so near failure that there seemed to be only one way out—for me to sell my jewels and give him the money. I wanted to do that, but he wouldn't let me make the sacrifice. He said that he had committed his follies himself, and would suffer for himself. He saw one more chance to save us. We had rich relatives in Caracas, on the Venezuela mainland. He went there to see if they would help. Caracas is not very far, but it is a long journey on the kind of boats and trains that run in

the Indies and South America. He was gone three or four weeks. He sent me only one letter, and it was so discouraging that I felt sure there was no hope.
"Just before that letter arrived, and after Juan left for Caracas, Capt. John H. Hanks came to Port of Spain from Antwerp. Though my father was Spanish, we lived in the English fashion; I was free to meet men. I met Capt. Hanks and fell in love with him—
(Here the police stenographer cut corners. In this last phrase he condensed many divagations and evasions on the part of the witness; indeed, Inspector Martin McGee, expert inquisitor that he was, spent five minutes in bringing out that simple declaration—and the next.)
"He said that he loved me. I believed him. It was all very quick. Within a week we were secretly engaged. I supposed that he was an American army officer on special duty. And after we were betrothed, I told him about our troubles and my wish to help Juan. My mind was made up by that time—I would sell my jewels before my brother returned to prevent me. I told this to Capt. Hanks. He offered to help. He said that he must go to England the next week, and in England he could sell them to much better advantage than in Port of Spain. I agreed—I trusted him absolutely, you see. Then he told me that he could dispose of them more easily, and for more money, if he appeared to be the owner. So I made out and signed a bill of sale, describing in detail every piece to the last ring and pin, and transferring them absolutely to him. Now I know what a foolish thing I did. For that made the jewels his property in law, as surely as though he had bought them from me.
"The steamer on which he planned to sail for England—he told me—was due to leave Port of Spain on Wednesday morning. On Monday night he visited me and took away the jewels. He said that he wanted to register them in advance with the purser. He promised to come again on Tuesday night. He did not appear. I learned the next morning that he had left on Tuesday for New York. I started for the pier from which the Southampton steamer sails, in order to see if there was any mistake. On the way, I met a friend of the family who had been waiting to warn me. He had found out about Capt. Hanks's career in Caracas. He proved to me that the captain was an adventurer and almost a professional gambler. Then I understood. I told no one about the jewels until Juan came back; but I wrote a letter to Capt. Hanks in care of the steamship company, and almost a professional gambler. He answered it with a cold letter, claiming the jewels absolutely and stating that he bought them from me."

(To be continued.)

Millionaire Acquitted of Charges Made By Girl



GEO. H. BIXBY.

A jury composed of working men, all married, acquitted Geo. H. Bixby, a millionaire, in Los Angeles, Monday, of charges made by a number of young girls who charged that they had been recruited for Bixby's use. Bixby's defense is that the whole scandal grew out of the attempts of girls to blackmail him. Bixby is married.
During the first part of the trial, Cleo Helen Barker, 19, one of the witnesses against the millionaire, testified that he had given her sums ranging from \$5 to \$500, together with a cross of gold, which the girls all called "The Cross of the Legion of Dishonor."
Bixby was defended by a host of expensive legal talent, among whom is Oscar Lawlor, who gained fame because he was charged with writing the famous letter which Pres. Taft signed exonerating Sec. of the Interior Ballinger of charges of favoritism toward wealthy seekers of land and coal claims.

GAMBLERS ALL

By BERTON BRALEY

Gamblers all—the great, the small, Playing low or high, Gamblers from the day of birth To the time we die, Never ceasing, soon or late, Gambling in the game of Fate.
Gamblers all, we rise or fall By the game we play, He who is the winner now Lost on yesterday, Luck's against you? Never sorrow, Play your best and win tomorrow!
Gamblers all, in Fortune's thrall, Play the game we must, Make our bluff and best our hand, Take the rest on trust, Though we lose or make a haul, Gamblers are we—one and all.

THROWN FROM BUGGY

Alex. Janowski, 2309 Bertrand st., was thrown from his milk wagon Wednesday morning sustaining painful injuries to his arms and legs when the horse ran away on Colfax av., near N. Scott st.
Dr. J. H. Cannon was called and cared for the man's injuries at police station where he was taken in the police ambulance. His inability to maintain his equilibrium demonstrated that he had been drinking more than the milk from some of the empty bottles.

The Best candy for the Least money at The Philadelphia. Advt.

ENTERPRISING TREE.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind.—A large maple tree here is putting on its third coat of green leaves for this season, surprising and puzzling the botanists of this vicinity. The second coat was shed last week.

CROSS COUNTRY FUNERAL.

LAFAYETTE, Ind.—A motor hearse carrying a corpse from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast arrived here bearing the body of Michael Moran, formerly a business man of San Diego.

TAKES LOWER SALARY.

LEBANON, Ind.—Rev. O. F. Hall, of the First Congregational church at Boone, prefers a rural pulpit to the one he now occupies and has accepted a call to become pastor of the First M. E. church at the village of Advance at a salary considerably lower than the city church pays him.

Try a box of Phila chocolates—Regular price 50c—on sale this week 45c. Advt.

HAIL STOPS PARADE.

PERU, Ind.—A heavy hail and rain storm, accompanied by lightning, swept this vicinity stopping the auto parade of the fall festival as well as doing hundreds of dollars damage to the exhibits in the exposition Tuesday.

For pure wholesome candies at the lowest prices—try The Phila. Advt.

HOLD RELIGIOUS.

Special religious services are being conducted at the River Park Free Methodist church. Rev. E. H. Peters of Kalamazoo, is in charge. Regular quarterly meetings are being held until over Sunday.

50c chocolates on sale this week 25c pound—The Philadelphia. Advt.

News-Times Daily Fashions



9685-9685—A Charming Frock For Afternoon or Calling.

Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 9684 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9685. Prune colored poplin, with shadow lace for vest, and velvet of a darker shade for trimming is here shown. The waist is cut in bloused style, and may be finished with long or shorter sleeves. The fronts are cut low over a deep vest that is outlined by a shaped reverse, that forms a shaped collar over the back. The skirt shows deep tucks in front and back. The Waist Pattern is cut in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The Skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6-8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

9698-9699—A Comfortable Stylish Gown For Home or Afternoon Wear. Blouse effects are so comfortable they continue to be popular. Blue crepe, with silk in Bukarian colors, for trimming is here shown. The waist is cut in surplice style, below a square front yoke, that is finished with a shawl collar. The sleeves in either length is effective. The skirt finished with hem tuck and stitching has simple, straight lines. The Waist pattern 9698 is cut in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The skirt 9699, is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 5-4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Special Sale this week—5c reduction per pound on all candies at The Philadelphia. Advt.

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